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A GLIMPSE OF HAYTI.

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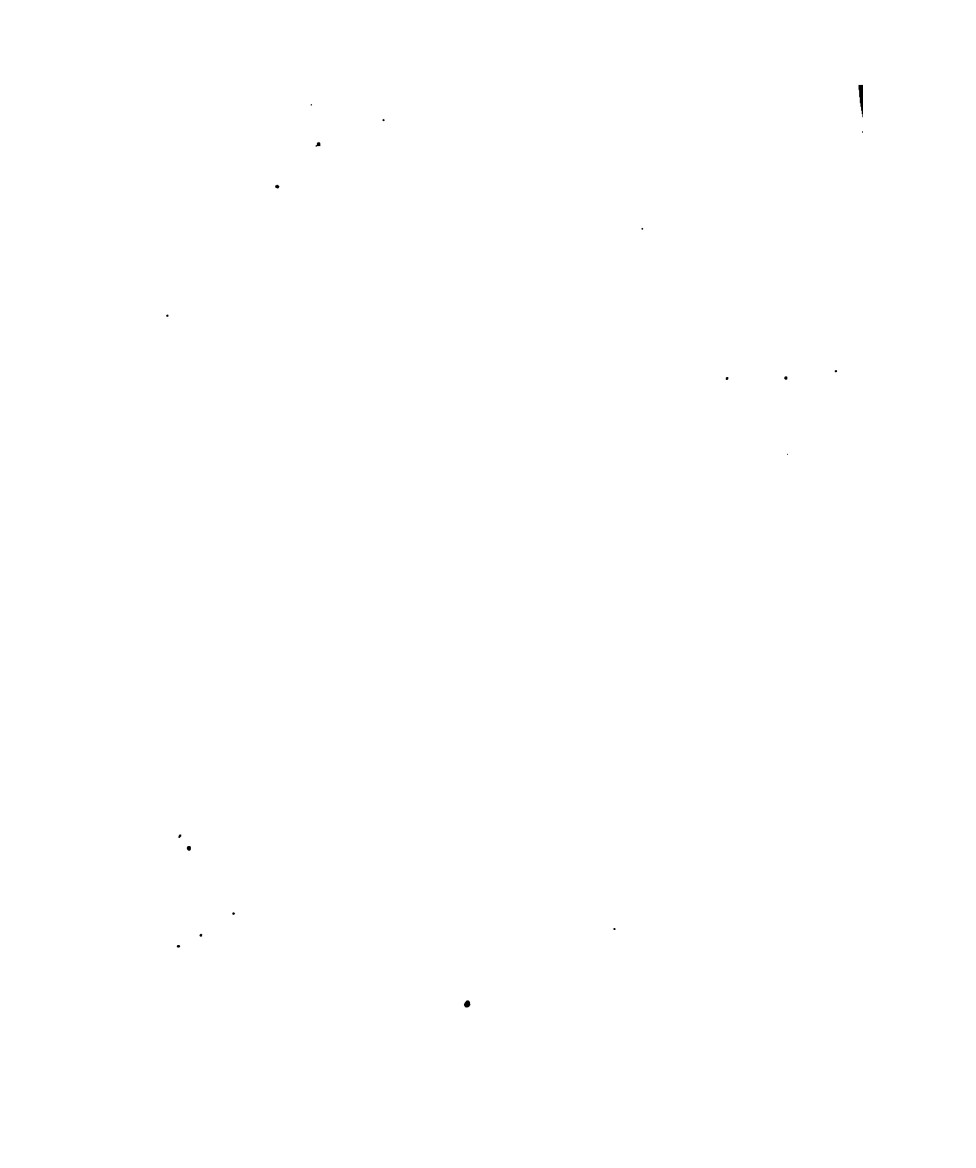
1850.



In the following pages, some observations made during a recent visit to the magnificent but unfortunate "Queen of the Antilles," are interwoven with the more prominent passages of her tragic history. A complete political narrative is not attempted; but had not several facts been placed in new aspects, by the aid of documents which have lately seen the light, these sketches, notwithstanding the object to which their results are destined, would scarcely now have been presented to the eye, as they already have been to the ear.

C. M. B.

WAVERTREE, AUGUST, 1850.



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A GLIMPSE OF HAYTI.

CHAPTER I.

CIVILIZATION has so mitigated the rigours which our ancestors encountered in their ocean voyages, that the bravery demanded for such enterprises on the part of a landsman has been reduced to a very small amount. The application of steam has given a precision and a speed which they never anticipated, and the national love of comfort, by perpetual ingenuity has made material encroachments on the tyranny of the waves.

The passengers who crowded the decks of our magnificent ship, before she weighed anchor, numbered nearly one hundred and thirty, and used

languages which indicated the chequered history of the lands to which we were destined. There were Jew and Gentile, European and Ethiopian; the Frenchman in one direction, the Spaniard in another, the German in a third, and the Englishman everywhere. For the first week we had weather which tempted few from their cells. The English Channel flung us angrily into the Bay of Biscay, and that region justified its historical character. It were bootless to record its horrors, or to describe the annihilation to which every one seemed to be consigned. That morning remains in our imagination more vividly than any other; when the carpenter appeared at the door of our stern apartment with the words, "Take off the dead lights, gentlemen; wind fair for the south." "Handsome man in the ship," responded the only person in our party who had strength to do so. "Handsome is as handsome does," said the man, though in indifferent English, yet with true modesty, and proceeded to his work. It was indeed handsome. The breath of the morning

was delightful, and the admission of light, after such an interval of darkness, more than cheering.

On the eighth day we anchored at Madeira, the lofty pinnacles of which were so clearly defined against the sky, and the waters of the bay of so bright a blue, and all above and beneath so perfectly placid, that it was the easiest thing imaginable to suppose oneself gazing upon one of Burford's Panoramas. As we say of these, "How like nature!" the exclamation prompted by this was, "How like art!" At as early a moment as possible, in the bottom of a small boat, and from the summit of a wave, a few of us were projected upon the gravelly beach of Funchall, and spent, on its precipitous streets and loftily terraced walks, a day of most vivid enjoyment. On returning to the neighbourhood of the ship, when the sun's rays became level, we found it one of the noisiest market-places of which it is possible to conceive. One tawny boatman shouted forth the merits of his oranges and bananas; another, the beauty of his baskets and straw hats; and another,

the charms of his canaries and goldfinches, which he held up on elegant sprays, or light cages of bamboo, to the manifest terror of the captives. One of these little creatures, while we were looking on, made his escape, and flew to land with such hearty vehemence, that we could not help shouting in participation of his triumph. As the seamen were raising the anchor, the engine at intervals gave two or three strokes, which served to scatter the mercantile combatants far and wide; but, like flies driven from some sweet prey, they renewed their conflict as soon as the envious wheels came to another pause. Nor were they by any means unsuccessful, for when all was calm, we observed one half of the gentlemen in possession of straw hats of ample circumference, and most of the ladies with baskets of various shapes and hues; while cages, beautifully tenanted, hung in every direction about the ship.

Before night we were again under weigh for a fortnight's run, directly across the Atlantic. The solitude of that stupendous waste soon became the

all-predominating idea. We beheld not a single sail, nor a single bird, nor a solitary monster, nor any living thing whatever, save the few transient flying fishes, which escaped as speedily as they could. The "bêtime," as a Frenchman justly styled it, of Neptune coming on board to initiate the first crossers of the tropic of Cancer, hardly disturbed the monotony. We urged our utmost powers of progression, with apparently no success; nothing broke the level line of our horizon, nor ever changed its perfectly circular form. Day after day we continued to occupy its central point, as if enchanted by the rod of a magician. It seemed as if we were something of priceless worth, placed on the surface of that vast azure plain, and covered every night with a brilliantly constellated convex canopy to ensure our perfect safety. Never had Herbert's words a more emphatical application;—

"Man is one world, and hath another to attend him."

At last, within the time which our navigators had predicted, we could descry the hazy outline of the

island of Barbadoes, three thousand eight hundred and twenty miles from the river of Southampton. After spending some hours on shore, we next coasted the far lovelier Grenada, where we stepped on board another steamer, to stand across the waters of the Caribbean. This proved by no means a pleasant episode of the voyage, for the vessel being deeply laden with quicksilver, and the sea running pretty high, there was little air in the cabin, and few dry spots on the deck, so that the usual depression of spirits and sense of misery were not dissipated until we rolled into the bay of Jacmel, and made our warning gun reverberate along the shores of Hayti. Never was a Sabbath morning more serene and beautiful! The constellation of the cross, which we then for the first time saw, just rising from the level to the perpendicular position, near the southern pole; the varying hues which the sun dispersed over the eastern sky, in preparation for his rising, together with the fragrant land breeze which flung her incense over all, contributed with sacred associations to

attune our minds to gratitude and gladness. We could then conceive how discoverers, on nearing land in these circumstances, are wont to shower names, bearing the complexion of their own emotions, upon every bay and every headland.

This island was approached by its discoverer from the opposite point of the compass, more than three centuries and a half before the morning of which we speak. It was in the course of his first voyage, and immediately after the discovery of Cuba, that he caught sight of its lofty interior mountains. His announcement of the fact is sufficiently simple, and indicates no presentiment of the importance which it was to assume in his own history. "From this point," says he, "I saw, lying eastwards, another island, fifty-four miles distant. I went thither, and steered my course eastward, to the distance of five hundred and sixty-four miles along the north coast."*

To sweep past a coast of that character, in an

* Select Letters of Columbus (privately printed for the Hakluyt Society), page 4.

atmosphere which imparts to distant objects a distinctness and beauty unknown in other latitudes, is in the highest degree delightful. Chains of lofty mountains, deeply green in the foreground, and vividly blue as they stretch into the far interior, elevate the thoughts; while shaded ravines, sparkling with rivers that seek junction with the waters of the ocean, perpetually open to the eye, and refresh with the idea of coolness and repose, so welcome under burning skies. The impressions produced on this occasion upon the minds of the Spanish seamen were such, that they at last admitted some approximation in the scenery of the New World to their native plains of Andalusia; and the Admiral, probably glad of the tardy concession, pronounced the name of the country "Hispaniola," or Little Spain.

Whence the people whom they were about to find on these shores had come, it is in vain to conjecture. They were not so entirely pacific and defenceless as Columbus at first imagined them to be. The descent of the Caribs upon their coasts had accustomed them

in some degree to the use of arms, and internal dissensions had added something to their education in that art. But generally speaking they were a mild and inoffensive race. There was nothing ferocious in their habits, and nothing bloody in their religion. They retained the belief, so seldom obliterated from the human mind, of one supreme Being, to whom they attributed immortality and omnipotence. They did not address their worship directly to him, but employed the mediation of inferior deities. These they represented by rude images, of which each chief, family, and individual possessed one. They believed that these visible forms (which soon passed into realities,) retained their powers wherever they went, and therefore hid them most scrupulously from the Spaniards. They often stole them from one another, and attempted to regain them with as much zeal as Laban did his, when it was abstracted by his daughter Rachel.

Like the more polished Greeks, they attributed to these secondary powers the presidency of various

departments of nature. They governed the seas and forests, the springs and fountains; they gave success in hunting and fishing; they filled the rivers, and spread fertility or desolation on the plains. The sun and moon they conceived to have issued from a certain great cavern, and in times of drought it was customary for them to proceed on pilgrimage to that gloomy temple, to propitiate the favour of the luminaries. They imagined that another such cavern was the first dwelling of the human race. There they fancied them to have tarried for a long time in profoundest darkness, issuing only in the depth of midnight for their food; for so unfavourable did they believe the sun's rays to have been to them, that one who lingered at a river's brink until the morning broke, they said, was changed to a bird, whose note was ever afterwards heard by night bewailing its unhappy fate.

That their caves should awaken ideas of sublimity and of terror is not surprising. We did not reach the precise places traditionally pointed out as the

scenes of these august events, but in an adjoining island, of the same geological formation, we entered several of those natural temples. After traversing one of them for more than two hours, we were told that we had not seen above one-third of the whole. One apartment after another had disclosed itself to our view, supported by piers and interlacing arches, and groined by carving so soft and delicate, that few cathedrals could have borne from them the palm of beauty; and when our guide, who carried an immense faggot of torchwood, went to some distance from our position, and gave us a conception of the long drawn aisles and the dark recesses, which suggested depths that we could not penetrate, we did not wonder that such places had mingled themselves with the imaginative theology of untutored tribes. The speculative notions of the Haytiens, however, whether relating to the present or to the future world, had probably little practical effect on either their personal or social state. The festivals and dances, which formed part of their religion, would doubtless have existed without

it, and their mild and inoffensive dispositions sprang more from their easy mode of life, and their natural indolence, than from abstract principles. Although they were by no means so free from treachery, malevolence, revenge, and other forms of selfishness, as the ardent and large mind of Columbus imagined them to be, he had great reason to praise them for that prodigal hospitality which the stranger most needs, and which is the first and often solitary virtue of the savage.

Having anchored in what is now called the Bay of Acul, the discoverer was visited by a distinguished Cacique named Guacanagari, who received them in so friendly a manner that the little squadron again weighed anchor to visit him in his own domains, which lay a little to the eastward. On the night previous to the morning on which they intended to land, an incident occurred, which, although in itself disastrous, proved one of those small points of human history upon which immense consequences revolve. By some neglect on the part of the ship's officers,

during one of the very short seasons of repose that Columbus was accustomed to allow himself, the vessel ran ashore upon a bank, and, notwithstanding the utmost exertions, was most reluctantly abandoned. When day dawned, messengers were sent on shore to inform the Cacique of the misfortune. When he heard the tidings he was moved to tears, and placed all he had at the command of the mariners. Not one of the natives shewed a disposition to appropriate the treasures thus flung upon their shores, but, on the contrary, rendered every possible assistance in protecting them. A much less generous spirit than that of Columbus would have been moved by such rare honour and pity. "These people" (said he, in his despatches to Spain,) "love their neighbours as themselves; their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied by a smile. I swear to your Majesties, there is not a better nation or a better land."

So strongly, indeed, did the ease of this savage life contrast with the toil of traversing unknown

seas, that the Spanish seamen entreated permission to remain on the island. Columbus, considering the difficulty of transporting so many in his only remaining caravel, and catching a prophetic glimpse of the future colony, determined to accede to their wishes. The materials of the wreck were brought into requisition, and such were the zeal of the sailors, and the prompt assistance of the Haytiens, that in ten days a fortress was completed. It was mounted with cannon, and supplied with ammunition, and reckoned sufficient to overawe the whole of the unwarlike population. It received the name of "Navidad," or the Nativity, to commemorate the preservation from shipwreck on Christmas-day.

While the fortress was in course of building, the Admiral continued to receive every day proofs of the kindness of Guacanagari. Whenever he went on shore to superintend the works, he was entertained by him in the most hospitable manner. He had the largest house in the place prepared for his reception, carpeted with palm-leaves, and furnished with stools

of polished ebony. When the chief received his guest, it was always with a princely generosity, hanging round his neck some jewel of gold, or presenting him with something of equal value; so completely had Columbus won by the benignity of his manners, as well as overawed by his imagined superhuman greatness, this simple and generous people. After a terrific display of the power of their cannon in rending trees and shattering the hardest rocks, the Spaniards, leaving a small garrison, set sail for the Old World. The inhabitants clung around them with regret, and the Cacique took leave of the Admiral with many tears—tears which, had he foreseen the dreadful future, would have sprung from a bitterer fountain.

Nearly an entire year had revolved,—during which Columbus was hailed in the cities of Spain with honours more than proportioned to his former ignominy,—when his small ships again appeared off the fortress of “Navidad.” It was night. Two signal-guns were ordered to be fired. The report, in the

still atmosphere which prevails at that hour, echoed along the shore; but there was no gun, no friendly shout in reply. The spirits of the people became depressed. When four or five hours had passed away, a canoe, which they had outsailed on the previous day, re-approached with a few Indians, who gave a confused and unsatisfactory account. They were kindly treated, and departed, promising to bring Guacanagari at dawn. But the sun rose without a visit of the chief. All was silence and desertion; not a canoe appeared in the harbour; not an Indian hailed them from the land, nor was any smoke seen rising from the groves. Remaining cautiously on board all day, a boat was sent on shore in the evening. The crew hastened to the fortress. They found it burnt and demolished, and the ground strewed with broken chests and fragments of European garments. Meeting no one, not even a creature, with whom to exchange a word, on a spot from which they had parted with so much affection, they returned dejected to the ships. On the second morning Columbus

himself landed, and repairing to the ruins, caused diligent search to be made, and not far from the fortress the bodies of eleven Europeans were discovered, not buried, but covered with the grass, which had already grown up around them.*

It appeared that Columbus had scarcely set sail for Spain when all his counsels faded from the minds of those whom he had left behind. Instead of cultivating the goodwill of the natives, they endeavoured by all manner of wrongful means to get possession of their golden ornaments, and to invade the sanctity of their families. Fierce brawls between themselves followed, and a party seceding from the rest, set off for the mountains of Cibao, where a Carib named Caonabo, who had come an adventurer to the island, reigned supreme over a large body of the inhabitants. Accounts of the white men had reached him among his mountains, and he had the sagacity to perceive that his own power must fall before them. No sooner, therefore, did the malcontents appear in

* Select Letters of Columbus, page 45.

his territories, than he seized and put them to death. He then assembled his subjects, and traversing the forests with profound secrecy, arrived in the vicinity of La Navidad without being discovered, and at dead of night burst upon the village and the fortress. The remaining Spaniards were taken by surprise. Eight were thrown into the sea, and the rest were massacred. Guacanagari and his subjects,—although extreme suspicion of the fact prevailed at the time, it cannot be doubted,—fought faithfully in defence of their guests, but were easily routed. The Cacique was wounded in the conflict, and his village reduced to ashes.

“Such,” says Mr. Irving, “is the story of the first European establishment in the new world. It presents in a diminutive compass an epitome of the gross vices which degrade civilisation, and the grand political errors which sometimes subvert the mightiest empires.”

CHAPTER II.

REMOVING some leagues to the eastward, on the shore of a fine bay, Columbus founded a city,—the first built by Europeans in the New World,—to which he gave the name of his patroness, Isabella. The walls, markets, churches, and courts of justice, of slender enough materials we suspect, rose rapidly; but the low and moist climate, against which the lofty cavaliers disdained to take proper precautions, spread disease among them.

There is an invincible attachment, in the people of almost all old nations, to their original habits. To this day the Spaniards stoop haughtily to the exactions of a tropical climate. You witness the ladies in the modern cities of the Antilles, having their heads covered at noon with only the embroidered veils of their native country; and—in the evening, when the cool atmosphere condenses the


vapours arising from the earth's surface, and chills the whole frame—coursing over the extensive boulevards in open volantes, dressed in the light attire of the ball-room. The children of Castile and Arragon are not to be chased by ignoble fevers from their ancient manners.

The maladies of the mind, however, mingled with those of the body in their progenitors of the city of Isabella. The majority had embarked in the enterprise with the most visionary expectations. Many expected a life of perpetual joy, and riches more than they could transport. What was their disappointment, when they found themselves doomed to labour to which they had never been habituated, and compelled to seek the barest comfort by intolerable exertion! As the only means of dispersing the storm of discontent which he saw gathering, Columbus proposed an expedition into the interior of the country. Leaving his brother in command at Isabella, and taking with him every person in health that could be found, he set out at the head

of four hundred men. They were well equipped and armed, for their purpose was to ascend to the mountains of Cibao, the territories of the dreaded Caonabo. Their march for the first day was across the plain that lies between the sea and the mountains. They forded two rivers, and reached in the evening the foot of the rocky pass.

Nothing is more striking than the contrast between the low and the mountainous scenery of these islands. In the former, vegetation is mean and dwarfish, and the air moist and oppressive. You imagine death lurking under every bush, or floating insidiously across the steaming marshes. But as you ascend, the moods both of nature and of your own spirit change together. A quiet force begins to inspire every thing you see. The outline of the mountain paints itself distinctly on the blue sky. The trees become majestic, and the foliage of deeper tone. The bombax rears his perpendicular column for fifty feet, and then extends his rugged oak-like branches from the proud capital.

The palm, on the breeziest pinnacles, stretches her noble canopy with an air that strikes you as at once kind and disdainful. The bamboo touches your very soul with the softness of her green, and the grace with which her branches, springing individually from the soil, describe a plume-like curve until they almost again touch it. Lovely as these objects are, you begin to wonder why they should occasion in you so much exhilaration. You busy your mind, as the silence and solitude become deeper, with endeavouring to perceive what train of forgotten emotions, or what memory of former pleasures, could have revived within you, to waft you on a sea of such placid enjoyment. But there is nothing around you like anything you ever saw in your infancy—nothing to remind you of home, or clime, or kindred, (except indeed by contrast,) that should succeed in rekindling pleasant associations. The mystery dissolves as you remember to have read that, in those elevated regions, the atmosphere becomes so pure and rare, that from physical



causes alone the soul is overfilled with indefinable gladness. The gross materialism in which that fine essence is imprisoned seems for the time etherialised, and, forgetting its earthly properties, partakes both of the nature and the enjoyment of its captive.

It must have been, we dare from such experience to testify, a day of unwonted pleasure for those adventurous Spaniards when they reached that eminence. There was nothing then, as there is nothing now, in most of the mountain passes of the island, but an aboriginal footpath winding over rocks and precipices, and through solemn groves choked with excessive vegetation. But the youthful cavaliers, accustomed to this kind of service in the Moorish wars, having cut an adequate pathway, the army toiled upwards until they arrived at the point where the gorge opens upon the interior. There the land of promise burst upon their view. Below lay a vast and delicious plain, painted with all the hues of the richest vegetation. Numerous streams, forced on their way by no declivity, wan-

dered variously over the whole expanse, imparting a verdure and fertility unusual even in that generous clime. The landscape stretched farther than the eye could reach, and the Admiral, struck with its imperial beauty, called it "La Vega Real," the Royal Plain.

When the Indians, whose huts studded this unvisited country, beheld a train of warriors, with bounding steeds and glittering armour, and clang of warlike music, descend from the mountain, they mistook the pageant for a supernatural vision. On the approach of the army, they generally fled in terror, and took refuge in their houses. Such was their simplicity, that they put up a barrier of reeds at the portal as a fortification. Columbus had too much sagacity to shake their confidence in that mode of defence. He preferred to win their confidence by trifling presents; and it was not difficult to obtain. They became at once so friendly, that the only obstacle they presented was a profusion of hospitality. Whatever the travellers wanted they

might freely take ; and it was difficult to convince them that they might not, with equal freedom, help themselves to the white man's viands. The savage of such lands has no idea of an exclusive proprietorship in food, which his Creator bestows with as much profusion as upon other countries he pours down the light and the air and the water. No labour was required of them. Their streams abounded with fish, which could be secured without ever disturbing their dreaming indolence, and fruits, spontaneously encircling the whole year, supplied them with a perpetual banquet. One does not wonder that the early chroniclers should rise to an elevation bordering on the realms of fancy when they describe these scenes. "There is no province, nor any region," (says Peter Martyr,) "which is not remarkable for the majesty of its mountains, the fruitfulness of its vales, the pleasantness of its hills, and delightful plains with abundance of fair rivers flowing through them. There never was" (he continues with the same enthusiasm,) "any noisome animal found

in it, nor any ravening four-footed beast, no lion, nor bear, nor fierce tigers, nor crafty foxes, nor devouring wolves; but all things blessed and fortunate."

Having pursued their march for two or three days across this plain, they crossed a range of mountains, and found themselves in a territory rugged, stony, and sterile, but giving indications of the gold upon which their hopes were centred. The streams sparkled with the coveted sand, and the natives brought pieces of ore, which left no doubt of its wide diffusion. The Admiral at once resolved to take possession and to build a fortress. He called the latter St. Thomas, that he might carry a pleasant reproof to some of his companions who, like the apostle of that name, would not believe the reality of the treasure, until they had seen it with their eyes and touched it with their hands. Having made this settlement, the principal part of the army pursued the same course back to Isabella.

It can never cease to be an occasion of deep regret, or rather of positive personal humiliation, that the entrance of civilised men into those countries should have brought with it, to so frightful an extent, devastation, and vice, and bloodshed. Frequently while travelling solitarily over their inspiring landscapes, while the morning diffused itself over the mountain summits, and at length poured its direct rays through the overarching trees, disposing the mind to meditation and joy, have we thought of the centuries of peace which the aboriginal inhabitants enjoyed, until men of our own race, bearing the most sacred, but most deeply dishonoured name that it has ever been permitted man to take upon his lips, approached them—and then, instead of imparting to their understandings knowledge, to their hearts charity, and to their souls life, ground them to the dust by base oppression, incited them to fiendish war, and finally swept off the last remnant of them from the earth; and, as we have thought, we have been scorched with shame, and almost con-

sciously disentitled to any enjoyment of the scene around.

The commander left in charge of St. Thomas forgot all the maxims of the Admiral as soon as he departed. He loitered among the hospitable villages of the plain, until the excesses of his soldiers aroused the natives to retaliation. From confiding hosts they were converted into vindictive enemies. Indignant at having their kindness requited with robbery, they refused any longer to furnish food. The Spaniards used force to obtain it, committing at the same time the most wanton violence. Though timid and unwarlike, and unable to attack the soldiers in open combat, the feeblest bands took sanguinary vengeance by stratagem effected through local knowledge.

But the most formidable enemy of the invaders was Caonabo, the Carib chief. He was a savage of great natural talents for war, — proud, daring, and valiant. He had been enraged at seeing the fortress planted in the very heart of his own terri-

tories, and resolved on vengeance. He combined in a league the principal caciques of the island, which was divided into five domains, each having its absolute hereditary prince. By a desperate adventure on the part of one of the Spanish warriors, named Ojeda, this savage general was taken.

“Choosing ten bold and hardy followers,” (says Mr. Irving in his flowing narrative of this curious adventure,) “well armed and well mounted, and invoking the protection of his patroness the Virgin, whose image he as usual bore with him as a safeguard, Ojeda plunged into the forest, and made his way above sixty leagues, at the head of his followers, into the wild territories of Caonabo, where he found the cacique in one of his most populous towns. Ojeda approached Caonabo with great deference and respect, treating him as a sovereign prince: he informed him that he had come on a friendly embassy from the Admiral, who was chief of the Spaniards, and who had sent him a valuable present.

“Caonabo had tried Ojeda in battle, and had

witnessed his fiery prowess, and had conceived a warrior's admiration of him. He received him with a degree of chivalrous courtesy—if such a phrase may apply to the savage state—and rude hospitality of a wild warrior of the forest. The free, fearless deportment, the great personal strength, and the surprising agility and adroitness of Ojeda in all manly exercises, and in the use of all kinds of weapons, were calculated to delight a savage, and he soon became a great favourite with Caonabo. Ojeda now used all his influence to prevail upon the cacique to repair to Isabella for the purpose of making a treaty with Columbus, and becoming the friend and ally of the Spaniards. It is said that he offered him, as a lure, the *bell* of the chapel of Isabella.

“ This bell was the wonder of the island. When the Indians heard its melody sounding through the forests as it rung for mass, and beheld the Spaniards hastening towards the chapel, they imagined that it talked, and that the white men obeyed it. With

that feeling of superstition with which they regarded all things connected with the Spaniards, they looked upon this bell as something supernatural, and in their usual phrase said it had come from 'Turey,' or the skies. Caonabo had heard this wonderful instrument at a distance, in the course of his prowlings about the settlement, and had longed to see it; but when it was proffered to him as a present of peace, he found it impossible to resist the temptation.

"The cacique agreed therefore to set out for Isabella; but when the time came to depart, Ojeda beheld with surprise a powerful force of warriors assembled and ready to march. He asked the meaning of taking such an army on a mere friendly visit: to which the cacique proudly replied, that it was not befitting a great prince like him to go forth scantily attended. Ojeda was little satisfied with this reply: he knew the warlike character of Caonabo, and his deep subtilty, which is the soul of Indian warfare: he feared some sinister design, and

that the chieftain might meditate some surprise of the fortress of Isabella, or some attempt upon the person of the Admiral. He knew also that it was the wish of Columbus either to make peace with the cacique, or to get possession of his person without the alternative of open warfare. He had recourse to a stratagem, therefore, which has an air of fable and romance, but which is recorded by all the contemporary historians with trivial variations, and which Las Casas assures us was in current circulation in the island when he arrived there about six years after the event. It accords, too, with the adventures and extravagant character of the man, and with the wild stratagems and vaunting exploits incident to Indian warfare.

“In the course of their march, having halted near the river Yagui, Ojeda one day produced a set of manacles of polished steel so highly burnished that they looked like silver. These, he assured Caonabo, were royal ornaments, which had come from heaven on the ‘Turey’ of Biscay,—

that they were worn by the monarchs of Castile on solemn dances and other high festivals, and were intended as presents to the cacique. He proposed that Caonabo should go to the river and bathe, after which he should be decorated with these ornaments, and mounted on the horse of Ojeda, and should return in the state of a Spanish monarch to astonish his subjects. The cacique, with that fondness for glittering ornaments common to savages, was dazzled with the sight. His proud, military spirit also, was flattered with the idea of bestriding one of those tremendous animals so dreaded by his countrymen.

“He accompanied Ojeda and his followers to the river with but few attendants, dreading nothing from nine or ten strangers when thus surrounded by his army. After the cacique had bathed in the river, he was assisted to mount behind Ojeda, and the shackles were then adjusted. This done, they pranced round among the savages, who were astonished to behold their cacique in glittering array, and

mounted on one of these animals. Ojeda made several circuits, to gain space, followed by his little band of horsemen, the Indians shrinking back with affright from the prancing steeds. At length he made a wide sweep into the forest, until the trees concealed him from the sight of the army. His followers then closed around him, and drawing their swords, threatened Caonabo with instant death if he made the least noise or resistance, though indeed his manacles and shackles effectually prevented the latter. They bound him with cords to Ojeda, to prevent his falling, or effecting an escape: then putting spurs to their horses, they dashed across the Yagui, and made off through the woods with their prize.

“They had now fifty or sixty leagues of wilderness to traverse on their way homewards, with here and there large Indian towns. They had borne off their captive far beyond the pursuit of his subjects, but the utmost vigilance was requisite to prevent his escape during this long and tiresome journey,

and to avoid exciting the hostilities of any confederate cacique. They had to shun the populous parts of the country therefore, or to pass through the Indian towns at full gallop. They suffered greatly from fatigue, hunger, and watchfulness, encountering many perils, fording and swimming the numerous rivers of the plains, toiling through the deep tangled forest, and clambering over the high and rocky mountains. They accomplished all in safety, and Ojeda entered Isabella in triumph from this most wild and characteristic enterprise, with his savage Indian warrior bound behind him a captive.

“Columbus could not refrain from expressing his great satisfaction when this dangerous foe was delivered into his hands. The haughty Carib met him with a lofty and unsubdued air, disdaining to conciliate him by submission, or to deprecate his vengeance for the blood of white men which he had shed. He never bowed his spirit to captivity: on the contrary, though completely at the mercy of the Spaniards, he displayed that boasting defiance

which is a part of Indian heroism, and which the savage maintains towards his tormentors even amidst the agonies of the faggot and the stake. He vaunted his achievement in surprising and burning the fortress of Nativity and slaughtering its garrison, and declared that he had secretly reconnoitered Isabella with the intention of wreaking upon it the same desolation.

“Columbus, though struck with the wild heroism of this chieftain, considered him a dangerous enemy, whom, for the peace of the island, it was necessary carefully to guard. He determined to send him to Spain. In the meantime he ordered that he should be treated with kindness and respect, and lodged him in a part of his own dwelling house, where, however, he kept him a close prisoner in chains—probably in the splendid shackles which had ensnared him. This precaution must have been necessary, from the insecurity of his quarters; for Las Casas observes that, the Admiral’s house not being spacious, nor

having many chambers, the captive chieftain could be seen from the portal.

“Caonabo always maintained a haughty deportment towards Columbus, while he never evinced the least animosity against Ojeda for the artifice to which he had fallen a victim. It rather increased his admiration of him as a consummate warrior, looking upon it as the exploit of a master-spirit to have pounced upon him and borne him off in this hawk-like manner, from the very midst of his fighting men. There is nothing that an Indian more admires in warfare than a deep, well-executed stratagem.

“Columbus was accustomed to bear himself with an air of dignity and authority, as admiral and viceroy, and exacted great personal respect. When he entered the apartment, therefore, where Caonabo was confined, all present rose, according to custom, and paid him reverence. The cacique alone neither moved nor took any notice of him. On the contrary, when Ojeda entered, though small in person,

and without external state, Caonabo immediately rose, and saluted him with profound respect. On being asked the reason of this, Columbus being Guanciquina, or great chief over all, and Ojeda but one of his subjects, the proud Carib replied that the Admiral had never dared to come personally to his house and seize him : it was only through the valour of Ojeda he was his prisoner,—to Ojeda therefore he owed reverence, not to the Admiral."

The capture and captivity of this foe, however, who, it may be added, died on his way to Spain, did not quiet the spirits of the people, with whom he was excessively popular. He had a brother, of considerable skill in war, who shortly assembled all the allied caciques on the great plain, and approached Isabella, with the view of making a grand assault. Columbus' old friend Guacanagari informed him early of this fact, and he resolved at once to march to the enemies' territories and give them battle there.

The colony was sickly, and the whole force

capable of taking the field did not exceed 200 infantry and 20 horse. With this army, insignificant in number, but not trifling in the power arising from superior discipline, the Admiral hastened to the vicinity of his foes. They were confident in their numbers, which some narrate amounted to 100,000. The plan of attack adopted was for the infantry (after separating into small detachments,) to rush from all points of the compass, amid a storm of drums, trumpets, and the discharge of fire-arms, upon the panic-stricken Indians. In the height of their confusion, the cavalry rushed in upon them, trampling them under foot, and cutting them to pieces by lance and sword. Bloodhounds, objects of greater terror than even their masters, were at the same time let loose, and seizing upon their naked victims, overthrew and disembowelled them. The battle, if such it might be called, was of short duration, but of the bloodiest character, and of permanent effect.

From that moment the yoke of servitude was

riveted: a military tour brought every province into subjection. Heavy tribute was imposed, and exacted without remorse. A perpetual task consequently was demanded of every man, and, brought up in the idleness of an exuberant climate, there was not one to whom death was not preferable to such a life. Despair settled upon every countenance. The flexible, free, and noble mien of the savage, was exchanged for the slow and burdened gait of the overtaxed labourer. Groups, when they could meet together, spoke of the times for ever past, before the white man had brought anguish and accursed slavery. They sung in suppressed voices the ballads which rehearsed the deeds of their ancient caciques, and the prophecies which foretold the advent of strangers who should first oppress, and then extinguish their entire race. But hope, the last emotion which deserts the human soul, led them to distrust these very predictions, and to entertain the belief that the strangers would one day unfurl their canvass, and depart as suddenly as they came. They sometimes

asked their oppressors, with an unintentional but touching irony, when they intended to re-embark and go back to heaven? Alas, this expectation was too good to be realized! On one pretext after another, they were hunted from every fastness, until thousands, escaping the sword, perished by famine and sickness, and the remainder by the severer torture of excessive and hopeless toil.

It is thus that the first tragedy of this island, with the reign of its caciques, comes to an end. It is unhappily not without parallels in subsequent history. The injustice and dire oppression we have recited were by no means peculiar to that age, nor attributable to the character of Columbus. So far as the influence of that remarkable individual went, it operated towards equity and mercy. It is true that, in the early part of his intercourse with the Indians, he sent home five hundred of them to be slaves in Spain; but so far was that from being deemed improper, that the council of theologians who were summoned by Queen Isabella to consult

on the question, "whether it was right to hold them as property," gave their judgment in the affirmative; and nothing reversed the sentence but the high-toned principle of that famous woman, the mother of that Queen Catharine who defended her honour against Henry VIII. She commanded that every one of them should be sent back to his native country. But although the Admiral, on that point, did not equal his patroness, yet (as Las Casas observes,) "where the most learned men have doubted, it is not surprising that an unlearned mariner should err." In his ordinary communications with the islanders, he exceeded all his companions in gentleness and truth. He conciliated more by his kindness than he subdued by force. He says, beautifully, in one of his letters,* "They bartered, like idiots, cotton and gold for fragments of boxes, glasses, bottles, and jars, which I forbade as being unjust, and myself gave them many beautiful and acceptable presents which I had brought with me, taking nothing in return. I did

* Select Letters, page 8.

this that I might the more conciliate them,—that they might be led to become Christians, and be inclined to entertain a regard for the King and Queen, our princes, and all Spaniards.”

The result was, in fact, to be traced to the universal principles of human nature. Man will never be an equal, where it is possible to be a superior; he will never consort with his fellows on the same terms, where he finds it practicable to exalt himself into a legislator or a monarch. Strength will assume to itself the rights of weakness, and wisdom will take advantage of the folly of ignorance. It would have been an anomaly in the history of our race if these discoverers had adhered to equity, even had they not been inflamed by a more powerful passion than that of geographical research. But, possessed as they were by that

“*Sacra auri fames,*”

that deadly “hunger after gold,” which in all ages, and in all modifications of society, has been too

mighty for the strongest barriers of conscience, what other issue than the one we have indicated could have sprung from their footsteps?

There is but one voice which has been articulately and invariably lifted up against this wrong, and that the voice of Christianity. In the midst of the connivance of human laws, and the clamorous opposition of human passions, that has perpetually asserted the rights of man. It has separated him from all mere circumstances and conventional peculiarities, and, regarding him in his proper nature, has demanded for him respect. It has signified not whether he was ignorant or sage, barbarous or polished; whether he wandered painted in primeval forests, or sat enthroned in jewelled ermine; it has steadily claimed for him reverence and justice. It has estimated him above gold, above power, above the great globe itself. It has recognised him as immortal, as the image and companion of the Deity, and on that ground decided that none shall do him dishonour without a penalty.

These principles, long suppressed, still dawn but

faintly on our own national mind. Sometimes, in repentant mood, we wish we had achieved our colonial empire with less injustice. But what has been won by the sword, must, for ages afterwards, be by the sword retained. There is a point at which amendment is impossible, and mercy lifts up her voice too late. What will be the doom of Britain, is a question that futurity alone can answer. Let us hope that Heaven may avert from her the just ignominy of Spain.

CHAPTER III.

THE Spanish colonists did not long retain their ill-gained superiority. As the old country extended its conquests to the American main land, the importance of the island in her eyes began to decline, so that at the beginning of the seventeenth century it appears to have become nearly a desert.

At that period those seas swarmed with buccaneers—piratical adventurers from nearly every nation of the Old World. A party of these desperate bandits occupied the small island of Tortuga, from which they were accustomed to make predatory incursions into St. Domingo, (as the whole country was now styled, from the name of its chief city,) for the purpose of securing the swine and oxen that had been introduced by the Spaniards, and had become wild. Most of these particular individuals happened

to be of French origin, and having appealed to Louis XIV., who was flattered by the prospect of obtaining a rich possession in those regions, they received assistance, and by some force and intrigue possessed themselves of the whole western part of the island.

This was the germ of the French colony. The tract of country so conceded contained about a thousand square leagues, exceedingly irregular in its character, intersected with mountains, and having plains confined and difficult of access. Its value on these accounts was greatly inferior to that of the territories remaining in possession of the Spaniards. But the settlers formed the determination to subject the soil to systematic culture. Their measures were followed by great success, and attracted the attention of persons of capital in the mother country, which imparted fresh impetus to the onward movement. The sugar-cane clothed all the valleys, where irrigation was abundant and the soil fertile. On the sea-coast the cocoa-palm was carefully superintended,

and made to yield considerable returns, its produce having been found to be in great demand. Those eminences which were encircled by loftier mountains were covered by coffee plantations, divided and guarded with scrupulous care, and producing crops of great value; while in the remoter parts the cotton and the indigo plants gave ample contributions to the annually swelling riches. In 1788, the exports of the colony exceeded in quantity those of all the British West Indian Islands taken together, and amounted in sterling money to £7,487,000, and the gross produce, including the Spanish portion, to £18,400,000; while its imports, in manufactures of the parent state, were no less than £10,000,000 sterling. More than half of this immense produce was re-exported from France to other states, and the commerce thence resulting, which employed in all its departments 1600 vessels, with 27,000 sailors, formed the chief support of her maritime power. "France," therefore," says Mr. Alison,* "at that critical moment of her history, had no reason to envy

* History of Europe.

the united dependencies of all the other states of Europe." But he has perused the page of history, and marked the events of common life with small discrimination, who has not perceived that the value of wealth to an individual or a people very much depends upon the manner in which it is acquired. What is obtained by oppression and bad faith, or any other form of injustice, is but the semblance of property. "There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing." At the very moment that he may be attracting all eyes, and exciting the envy of every rival, the word may have proceeded from Him by whom actions are weighed, and weighed with an equity which admits of no bribe, that the dream shall be dispersed, and the reality made visible to the world.

In order that a correct idea may be formed of the manner in which France not only lost this island, but deluged it with blood, it will be necessary to survey the peculiar state of society which then existed in it.

It consisted of three perfectly distinct elements; the whites, the mulattoes, and the blacks. The whites included the European proprietors, generally sprung from families of some distinction, and, by residence in a colony of so much prosperity, of considerable wealth. They were not remarkable for ferocity, but were not wanting in pride, luxury, and immorality. In the mulattoes are numbered, not only those to whom that name is strictly applied, viz., the children of an African and a European parent, but all the subsequent varieties in which any portion of African blood appears; for it is well known that in some individuals the white ancestry so much predominates as to redeem the complexion almost entirely from the fatal shade. These persons, although nominally free, because belonging to no individual master, were regarded as public property, and occupied a most mortifying position. They were forbidden to hold any public office, however insignificant. They were not allowed to exercise any profession to which a liberal education was deemed necessary. All the

naval and military departments, all degrees in law, medicine, and divinity, were appropriated exclusively to the whites. A mulatto could not be a priest, nor a lawyer, nor a physician, nor a surgeon, nor an apothecary, nor a schoolmaster, whatever might be his intellectual qualifications. From the pressure of these wrongs there was no escape. Even the courts of what was called justice gave permanence to the oppression. A man of colour could rarely, by any force of evidence, convict a white criminal. Even if he succeeded in proving an act of violence against him, he was let off on payment of an insignificant fine; while if he were himself convicted of lifting his hand to a colourless oppressor, the hand was to be struck off with a hatchet,—the hue of his skin passing over to his deed. There was one circumstance, however, in the condition of these persons that rendered them formidable to the colony. They were allowed to acquire property, and therefore, in addition to all the ordinary incitements to accumulation, were inspired with the ambition of rising to equality, at

least in one point, with their white superiors. To such an extent did they succeed, that many of them held large estates, and, as a body, they possessed at this crisis about one-third of the whole soil of the colony, and nearly one-fourth of the negro slaves; and, notwithstanding a law passed by the whites to prevent any of them embarking for France, a large number had obtained their education in that country, and had returned with the tastes and information of European gentlemen. Nor ought it to be overlooked that the law which required them to serve in disproportionate numbers, and without pay, in the colonial militia, trained them almost without exception to the profession of arms, and added the last inflammable ingredient to their position and their character. The third class was composed of the enslaved negroes. These unfortunate persons had been conveyed, in all the depth of their ignorance and superstition, from the sands of Africa. They had, however, the sensibilities and capacities which no circumstances totally extinguish in the human

mind. While the vast majority sank hopelessly under their bondage, there were a few, of an original force of character and love of freedom, which made them not quite insignificant. Two circumstances, however, external to themselves, raised them to a positively formidable position. One of these was their vast numbers. The number of white persons is reckoned to have been 30,000; of free mulattoes 40,000; but of African slaves 500,000. Who could look upon such a multitude, and not dread the first spark of dissatisfaction? The other was, the fact that, for many years, daring and adventurous individuals among them had succeeded in escaping from their masters, and taking possession of remote fastnesses in the centre of the island. So vigorous and bloody was the warfare which these desperate spirits maintained with their former proprietors, that a treaty was at last entered into on the part of both French and Spanish authorities, by which certain parts of the country were ceded to them, on condition that they should restore future runaway slaves

for a certain remuneration. But, although this prevented further abstraction from the estates, the fact had become universally known that there was such a thing as independence, even for an African,—such a thing as setting at defiance the maxim which pronounced him the perpetual property of another race. A single drop of liberty had fallen upon the parched lip, and was soon to act like the drop from the clouds of heaven, which finds its way into the crevice of the rock, there to lie until the frost of winter gives it such expansion as hurls the iron precipice into the stream, which sings for ages over it its song of triumph.

Such was the critical condition of society in her favourite colony, when the mother country entered upon her own great revolution. The doctrines of Liberty and Equality, which flew with the speed of lightning through all parts of France, could not but reflect their gleams upon the shores of St. Domingo. By a decree of the French constituent Assembly, each colony was empowered to express its wishes to

the future government, through the medium of an assembly of representatives chosen by the people. The white planters acted on this permission, but excluded from their constituencies all those proprietors and other persons who were stained with colour. This started the quarrel. It was in vain that the mulattoes remonstrated; their claims were met with scorn. The Assembly issued the virtuous declaration, that "they would rather die than participate their political rights with a bastard and degenerate race." The mulatto proprietors sent a deputation to Paris to represent their case. When they arrived, they found the National Assembly not remarkably disposed to listen to them, probably from the pressure of other affairs, and from the difficulties presented by the colonies. But they were received with marked attention by the Abbè Gregoire, Lafayette, and other leading men connected with a society, partly philanthropical and partly political, called "Les Amis des Noirs,"—the Friends of the Blacks. They were received with distinction at their tables, and had


their sense of wrong stimulated by their opinions. This society, and one bearing a similar name, which has long been the glory of our own country, have been denounced by the French writers as the instigators of that first step of the general insurrection which immediately followed. But whatever may have been the case with respect to the French society, no charge could be more false with regard to the English one. Mr. Clarkson, being at that period in Paris, was thrown much into the society of the coloured deputies. He was naturally interested in their affairs, but shrank from the violence which they threatened in case of disappointment. Having discovered a plot for the destruction of his own life, Mr. Clarkson left Paris for London, whither he was shortly followed by Ogé, the chief of these gentlemen. He entreated temporary help towards his passage home, and Mr. Clarkson gave him £30, with which he proceeded to America. This was the whole of the connexion which the friends of African freedom in England,—most of whom, by their reli-

gious principles, were bound to discountenance all appeal to arms,—had with the mulatto rebellion. Ogé did not tarry long in America, but hastened to land secretly at St. Domingo. His brother had made preparations for the measure he had in view, which was to raise the standard of revolt among persons of his own colour. He imagined that the determination to accomplish their freedom was much more general than he found it. His followers never became numerous, and the white colonists succeeded, after one or two bloody engagements, to suppress them. Ogé escaped to the Spanish territory, but, on being demanded, was delivered up, and after secret trial condemned, with his second in command, to a degrading death. “This being done,” the latter part of the sentence runs, “they are to be taken to the Place d’armes, and to the opposite side of that appointed for the execution of white criminals,” (the honour of white criminals was to be preserved by this delicacy,) “and have their arms, legs, and ribs broken, while alive upon the scaffold erected for that

purpose, and placed by the executioner upon wheels, with their faces turned towards heaven, there to remain as long as it shall please God to preserve life ; after this, their heads to be severed from their bodies, and exposed upon stakes. Their goods to be confiscated."

We mention this, which is a specimen of several executions which occurred immediately afterwards, for the purpose of pointing out one of the principal incitements to the more extensive insurrection which succeeded. When the news reached Paris, they produced decisive effects. The question of the internal government of the colony was then in the course of debate in the National Assembly. For some time it had been carried on by the foes and the supporters of the whites, with almost equal power. This new development of their character turned the victory against them. Tragedies and dramas, founded on the story of Ogé, were characteristically acted in all the theatres, and public indignation mounted to an impetuous storm. Robespierre rose in his place, and

gave utterance to a sentence which passed into a watchword—"Perish the colonies, rather than sacrifice one atom of our principles." Thus animated, the National Assembly passed a decree, declaring all the people of colour not only entitled to vote, but eligible to sit personally as members of the Colonial Assemblies. This decree, it will be distinctly perceived, had no reference to the negroes. It was confined exclusively to the mulattoes, between whom and the whites the dispute had been conducted. The slaves had taken no part whatever in the movements of either class of their masters. They had pursued their unrequited callings up to this moment without any interruption, but not, it would appear, without deep thought. There is evidence that the idea of resistance on their part had become infused into them during the time of Ogé's rebellion, for that unfortunate man left behind him a confession, in which he forewarned the planters of plans which they had actually concerted. That warning was neglected; for the planters deemed their slaves



incapable of union, or of anything requiring thought and determination. But the murdered man's prediction was verified, and that three days earlier than he had foretold.

When the decree declaring the mulattoes eligible to places in the Assembly reached the island, the colonists were thrown into agonies, and they had hardly recovered self-possession enough to hope that their case was not desperate, before the news darted from shore to shore like an electric spark,—“*The blacks have risen!*” They had risen. The French writers supply the most ample details of the horrors they perpetrated, with the view, possibly, of repelling posterity from similar crimes. But we have no such opinion of the unassailable purity of the human mind, as to believe that the contemplation of vice is the best means of acquiring virtue. There is such an affinity to evil remaining in the best spirits, that it is at least safer to avoid familiarity with wickedness; and, in the language of that king who had personally tested both methods, “to avoid it, and to pass not

by it;" to trust more to the attraction of the guiding star than to the warning of the hidden reef, which is often seen too late to be useful. Let Bryan Edwards' account, which has never been disputed, suffice to sum up this first scene of the tragedy. "It was computed," says he, "that within two months after the revolt first began, upwards of two thousand white persons, of all conditions and ages, had been massacred; that one hundred and eighty sugar plantations, and about nine hundred coffee, cotton, and indigo settlements had been destroyed, and twelve hundred families reduced from opulence to absolute beggary." After this shock, the whites retaliated, and outdid the negroes in their cruelties. "Of the blacks," continues the same writer, "it was reckoned that upwards of ten thousand had perished by the sword, or by famine, and some hundreds by the hands of the executioner, many of them, I am sorry to say," (for Edwards was naturally a friend to the colonists,) "under the torture of the wheel."

During this horrible period, the mulattoes had,

to secure their own property, rejoined the whites, and their combined power would probably have served for a longer time to suppress the Africans ; but a singular circumstance threw parties into their former opposition. When the effects of their decree reached the National Assembly at Paris, it filled them with consternation, and by an act as precipitate as the first they annulled it, and sent out a command again to disenfranchise the mulattoes ! “ France and the colonists deceive us,” the mulattoes cry ; “ let us again to arms ! ” The two thunder clouds rushed into unison, and the lightning shot anew upon the infatuated whites. “ The hand of God ” (says a native writer,) “ seemed to cover with a bandage the eyes of the colonists, that they might not discover the justice of the reclamations of the oppressed, nor the terrible consequences of their own crimes ; for, in His eyes, to make an equal a slave, is one of the greatest crimes. The prayers and the complaints of the free mounted to heaven together with the groans of the bond. The negroes and the mulattoes feel

injustice like other men, and vengeance is so sweet to those who have tasted slavery!"* The horrors of the first attack were then repeated. The beautiful city of St. Francois was reduced to ashes, and the most fertile valleys were converted into deserts. The white inhabitants concealed themselves in the ruins of the demolished houses, and trembled for their lives in mountain fastnesses. One is relieved by finding even an occasional gleam of goodness amid unbridled ferocity. The writer just quoted says, in speaking of the death of a French colonel whom every one execrated, "One of his black slaves alone, named Pierre, showed himself inconsolable. He re-united the limbs of his master, scattered in different parts of the town, and interred them *near* the cemetery, for the clergy refused sepulture within it. Pierre then threw himself on the grave of his master, offered a short prayer to God, and terminated his own life."

Immense numbers left the island, some passing

* Madion : Histoire d'Haiti. Port-au-Prince, 1847.

over to America, and others proceeding to Britain, where they met under similar woes the royalists of their mother country. By means of these persons, such representations were made to our government, as to induce them to send out a fleet to conquer the island, and to convert it into a British colony. A small army, miserably ineffective, accordingly went forth, captured Port-au-Prince, and so much alarmed the French commissioners that they issued a decree, in the heat of the moment, containing an idea, for the first time now uttered, that all the blacks should be free. This was intended to win them over to oppose the English invasion, but rather than do this they fled to the mountains, to swell the forces of the independent chiefs.

“It was,” says an accurate writer, “at this moment of utter confusion and disorganisation, when British, French, mulattoes, and blacks were all acting their respective parts in the turmoil, and all inextricably intermingled in a bewildering war, which was neither a foreign war, nor a civil war, nor a war of races, but

a composition of all three; it was at this moment that Toussaint L'Ouverture appeared, the spirit and ruler of the storm."

CHAPTER IV.

DOUISSAINT was born on an estate near the town of St. Francois. His father is said to have been, in Africa, a person of some distinction. Certainly he handed down to his son an intellect of great force, and a bodily constitution capable of incredible fatigue. It was a remarkable circumstance that this boy should have been one of the few of his oppressed race who had the advantage of a little education. An intelligent black, of the name of Pierre Baptiste, lived on the same estate with him. He had acquired some knowledge from the Catholic priests, which he faithfully reconveyed to this shrewd pupil. Speedily the lad found himself the proprietor of what was better than gold,—some knowledge of reading and writing, of arithmetic and geometry, besides a little rude Latin. He must have had a kind of general

sagacity, for it may be gathered from some incidents that he acted as horse doctor on the estate, and was raised to be coachman to his master,—a situation which gave him the opportunity of exploring the library of the great house, where he imbibed an amount of general knowledge, especially in respect to European history, which afterwards created no small astonishment. The discovery of such a man, in the heart of such a population, has filled some writers with an ecstasy that has led to indiscriminate eulogy, which in its turn has given rise to a reactionary depreciation and abuse. But it is remarkable that no writer, whether French or English, nearly all of whom are destitute of goodwill to the negro cause, has denied his extraordinary intelligence, and, what is yet more remarkable, the singular purity of his life.

When the rebellion first broke out, Toussaint was forty-eight years old. He was earnestly entreated to join the negro army, but he refused to do so. He recommended caution and forbearance, and shrank

from bloodshed. As the insurrection spread, he understood that the property on which he lived was marked off for conflagration. The first generous act recorded of him then transpired. He warned his master, and concealed him in the woods. Then, ascertaining that a ship was about sailing for America, he had him conveyed into it, gathering all the produce of the plantation which could be procured at the moment, and shipping it with him, that he might not be unprovided for on a foreign shore.

When he found himself thus involuntarily free, he joined the negro army, which, from a singular feeling of loyalty, had united itself to the Spaniards occupying the eastern part of the island, and with them fought for the Bourbons. His military skill, so suddenly called into action, astonished every one. The Spanish and Republican leaders were alike surprised by his rapid and successful movements. It was one of the latter who exclaimed on one occasion, "That man makes an opening everywhere!" which led to his being called "Toussaint, the Opener," or

Toussaint L'Ouverture. But, honoured as he was by the Royalists, his stay among them was brief. When he heard that the hasty announcement of emancipation, made by the French Commissioners, had been solemnly confirmed by a decree of the National Convention, he intimated his readiness to serve under the colours of the Republic. He revealed his wish to a mulatto officer, but he, forgetting his own origin, said he would enter into no negociation with a slave. The French general, Laveaux, himself has the honour of having first acted respectfully towards the negro. He promised him a place of command, and the favour of his friendship. He had no reason to repent his confidence; on one occasion he owed his life to his gallantry. An insurrection had broken out at the Cape, and Laveaux was seized and imprisoned: on hearing this, Toussaint placed himself at the head of 10,000 men, with whom he marched to the town, and, threatening a siege, compelled the inhabitants to open the gates. He entered at the head of two battalions and a body of cavalry,

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proceeded at once to the prison, and set Laveaux at liberty. "Though the town," says a native, "was inundated with black troops, such was their leader's dominion over them, that not one act of impropriety was committed." Such, in fact, was the natural facility of command belonging to this remarkable individual, that all the conflicting elements of the island kept silence before him. The men of his own colour adored him, the mulattoes feared him, and the French were thankful for his alliance; so that, at the close of a year, Laveaux perceived that it would be better to acknowledge the power which he, in fact, swayed. He found for himself an appointment to the National Assembly at Paris, and appointed Toussaint his successor as Commander-in-chief of the French forces in St. Domingo.

Some men, who distinguish themselves in subordinate positions, disappoint public hope when they acquire a station of command. The difficulty of the ascent supplies the place of principle, and it is not till the summit is reached, that it is ascertained

whether there be innate greatness, and the capacity for permanent elevation. Toussaint, when he arrived at this point, swept the whole horizon with the scrutiny of one born to pre-eminence. He at once interpreted the commission of Providence. He judged himself to have been chosen from among his people to be their deliverer and ruler. The means which he adopted in the prosecution of that purpose were such as his circumstances and education suggested. Were we to try them by that standard of the perfectly right, or, which is the same thing, the perfectly good, which Revelation has discovered to us, they would not abide the test; and who is there, among all who have ever appealed to arms, that can pass untouched through that crucible? How vast the deductions that must be made in every instance, on the ground of inadequate information, of infuriated passions, of the prevalent fallacies and traditional lies of human society! It is high honour to generals of either ancient or modern times, when we are able to find in them a few tolerable virtues,—a few

gleams of moral superiority. The Roman whom his country compelled to head the army, and who, when he had gained the day, as hastily returned to the labours of the soil,—and the first President of the Western Republic, who conducted an unequal conflict to a permanent peace, and then, counseling the nation he had formed with true wisdom, retired to his family and his fields,—stand out from the whole firmament of warriors as stars of unwonted brilliance. It is to affirm the scantiest truth, that to the names of Cincinnatus and of Washington, history has added that of Toussaint L'Ouverture !

The first exercise of his power was quietly to remove all inconvenient persons. A general who had been sent from France, he sent home again as unsuitable to the climate and the people. A commissioner who had a remarkable talent for intermeddling with civil affairs, he despatched with important messages to the Directory. Several other officious individuals procured equally honourable pretexts for revisiting their friends in Paris, and leaving

the shores of St. Domingo more free for the movements of the Commander-in-chief; while he, perceiving that all this might be misinterpreted in the absence of some tokens of confidence in France, sent to that country for education his two sons, according to the European writers, but his son and son-in-law, according to a native historian, whose authority in a case like this is to be preferred.*

His next aim was to clear the island of the British army. That expedition was, from the first, ill-advised and unfortunate, and it was with small reluctance that General Maitland, saving as much honour as he could for his sick and dissatisfied troops, averted the wrath of the gathering blacks,

* The words, "Son fils Isaac, et son beau-fils Placide," occur in a very interesting work which has recently appeared from the pen of Thomas Madion, Director of the National Lyceum, Port-au-Prince. This gentleman, whom we met during our visit to the island, is a native mulatto, and the first of his race who has ventured upon so large a contribution to the literature of his country. She has uttered for the first time, through him, the story of her wrongs and struggles.

and promised to forsake the island. The day when the British ships received their retiring forces, was one of rejoicing to all parties. The inhabitants of the capital went forth to meet L'Ouverture with brilliant ceremonies. The clergy, with the cross and incense, led the way. The planters threw themselves before him, and blessed him as their liberator. White ladies of the first rank, on horseback and in open carriages, escorted by native white youths, joined the chorus of benediction.

General Maitland received him with equal enthusiasm, and with greater splendour. He entertained him after the beloved manner of an Englishman, at a sumptuous dinner, and when the repast was ended, presented to him all the silver plate with which the table was covered. Retiring from the tent in which the banquet had been served to the house of Government, which the English had built, and which is still used as the President's palace, the General presented him, in the name of his Britannic Majesty, with two brass cannons and all the ornaments of the palace.

After this, an incident occurred equally honourable to Toussaint and to Maitland. It is told with so much brevity and spirit by the native historian just referred to, that we shall give a close rendering of his words. "After having embarked," says he, "all the European troops, Maitland resolved to pay L'Ouverture a visit. He had so much confidence in the chief, whose integrity he extolled, that he was not afraid to pass, accompanied only by four officers, across a country overflowing with armed troops. Toussaint had just received from St. Domingo" (the capital city,) "a letter from Roume, who exhorted him to seize the opportunity of arresting Maitland, telling him it was a duty he owed to the Republic. Maitland learned on the road this treachery of the agent of the Directory, but he would not return. He reached the camp of the Commander-in-chief. He was detained in the ante-chamber for more than an hour, and during that interval experienced some uneasiness. The Commander-in-chief, who was dictating his reply to Roume, at length presented him-

self to Maitland, holding in his hand two unsealed letters. "General, read these letters," said he to him, "before we begin our conversation; the one is from the Commissary Roume; the other is my reply; I did not wish to see you before finishing my answer; you will see by it how secure you are with me, and how incapable I am of treachery." The following passage from Toussaint's letter struck General Maitland with admiration:—"What," (said he to Roume,) "have I not given my word to the English General? How do you suppose that I could cover myself with infamy by breaking it? The trust which he reposes in my good faith induces him to give himself up to me, and I should be dishonoured for ever if I followed your counsels. I am entirely devoted to the cause of the Republic, but I shall not serve it at the expense of my conscience and my honour."

The path being now clear, his attention was first directed to the cultivation of the soil. He laboured to correct the influence of bloodshed, and induce the

people to excel in the peaceful arts. Many of the planters who had joined his standard were reinvested with their former estates, but without any property in their former slaves. He held out also to those who had emigrated during the war every inducement to return, pledging himself to re-establish them in their properties, and assuring them that the fruits of their enterprise would meet with his best protection. Many returned, bringing with them the slaves who had accompanied them in their flight, but who became free as soon as they landed :—

“ They touched their country, and their shackles fell.”

He laboured also to raise the moral character of the people. From their circumstances ignorant and brutal, although with quick apprehension and warm affections, the first five or six years of their nominal freedom had tended only to aggravate every evil quality. Nothing so powerfully relaxes the energies of reason, and debauches the whole moral nature, as scenes of revenge and massacre. It was indispen-

sable to adopt, in the first instance, the most rigid discipline, united at the same time with skilful appeals to the feelings. While Toussaint, therefore, gave to all his generals the power of life and death, and required them to control their troops with the loaded pistol, he attempered their rigour by his own communications. He never lost an opportunity of befriending an unfortunate person, of reuniting families, or of rewarding particular instances of industry. He would stop when he heard a quarrel, and inquire into its causes. Even the tears of a sufferer would make him leap from his horse, and ask if he could render any service. An old man of seventy years of age, who had returned from America, was imprisoned by the authorities on his landing. Toussaint learnt his name. He hastened in person to the spot, and set him free, loading him with benefits: they had been fellow-slaves on the same estate. Immorality found its most emphatic discouragement in his own character. Even his enemies admit his conduct in this respect to have been unimpeachable. He stood, in fact, almost alone in the

unity and peace of his domestic circle. To the young person whom he had chosen for his own in the days of their common bondage, he adhered with unshaken constancy, through all his conflicts and successes, down to his last moment; an evidence of itself, if there had been no other, considering the moral standard of the country, of an original and noble mind. Embued, too, with a religious spirit, which, under happier skies, might have well developed itself, one of his first steps, after the attainment of peace, was to restore the services of Christian worship; and, with a comprehensive judgment, to which his white predecessors had not ascended, he proclaimed universal liberty of conscience, of which some Protestants from the United States at once availed themselves. Indeed, he did not consider it otherwise than consistent with his office, to take his stand at the head of his army, and attempt to move the hearts and to reform the rude manners of his troops, by appealing with cordial eloquence to the sufferings and the glory of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER V.

WHILE St. Domingo, under these influences, was rising as if by enchantment from her desolation, Napoleon Buonaparte attained to the first Consulate of the French Republic. The number was not small, in the most enlightened countries in the world, who believed that in the genius of that individual they were to hail the day-star of a purer civil freedom than had yet dawned upon our race. The unparalleled splendour of his first enterprises, the extreme rapidity with which his steps to pre-eminence followed each other, and the numerous points in which his measures contrasted with the old systems both of warfare and government, covered the most despondent spirits with the glory of hopes uncherished before among the nations. Was it surprising that Toussaint should be dazzled with qualities that did bear some remote analogy to

his own? Was it wonderful that he should be unable to conceive of the gigantic selfishness which reigned in that breast? Who shall accuse him of a singular error, when he dreamt that the First Consul could take pleasure in the success of another individual, and rejoice in triumphs which were not his own? Can any one blame that generous trust which prompted him to superscribe one of his despatches,—“From the First of the blacks to the First of the whites”? Brevity worthy of Leonidas, but policy which would have proved fatal to a mightier than he! The pride of the Corsican could not brook the untutored freedom of the African. The despatches received no reply. Respectful entreaties followed, but in vain. The most unrelenting breast which ever brooded over the subjugation of a world had formed its purpose. In vain his own ministers remonstrated. Those who knew the island warned him without success. He had just completed a peace with Britain, and this reply to one of his counsellors revealed that part of his secret reasons

which he thought proper to express:—"I want," said he, "I want, I tell you, to *get rid* of 60,000 men."

Nothing could exceed the energy with which the expedition was fitted out. "The forces," says Alison, "collected in different harbours of the Republic for this purpose, was the greatest that Europe ever sent to the New World. Thirty-five ships of the line, twenty-one frigates, and above eighty smaller vessels, having on board 21,000 land-troops, were soon assembled. They resembled rather the preparations for the subjugation of a rival power, than the forces destined for the reduction of a distant colonial settlement." The land-troops ultimately swelled to 35,000 men, and these by no means the refuse of the army. They were almost all composed of the conquerors of Hohenlinden, and were led by the most distinguished generals of Moreau's army,—Le Clerc, the brother-in-law of Napoleon, being Commander-in-chief.

So little did the brave islanders suspect such a

movement on the part of the mother country, that had it not been for the accidental detention of the fleet in the Bay of Biscay, its actual appearance on their shores would have been the first indication of its existence. But circumstances enabled an American vessel to reveal the impending ruin. Toussaint took his resolution in a moment. He despatched it all over the island, in these words:—"A son owes submission to his mother, but, if she unnaturally aims to destroy her offspring, nothing remains but to entrust vengeance to God."

When he said this, he had some expectation of the assistance of the English. But the moment that reported to him the appearance of the French fleet, told him also of the peace of Amiens, and the consequent destruction of his hope of external aid. He was thus placed solitarily in the path of France. He hastened to Cape Samana, to obtain, with his own eyes, a sight of the armament. He was struck with astonishment at the spectacle. Sails covered the ocean as far as the eye could reach; there

appeared no boundary to the multitude. For a moment his heart quailed, and he exclaimed, "We are lost; all France is coming to St. Domingo." But recovering his resolution, he sent forth couriers in all directions to prepare for resistance.

Le Clerc gave orders to land at the Cape, but he could not find a pilot. He seized eventually upon the harbour master, a coloured man, named Sanjos, put a rope about his neck, and threatened him with instant death if he refused to conduct the vessel, offering a reward of £2000 if he would. But nothing would induce him to facilitate his country's ruin. He refused to yield either to reward or threat.

Le Clerc next addressed a letter to Christophe, the general in command of the black troops in the neighbourhood, in which he said he meant to enter Capetown, and would hold him responsible for whatever might happen. Christophe, undeceived by the flatteries in which this letter was enveloped, replied that if he did enter Capetown, it would not be until after it was reduced to ashes. ("Allez dire au General

Le Clerc que les François ne marcheront ici que sur un monceau de cendres et que la terre les brulera.") Le Clerc, thus repulsed, landed by hazard, and Christophe instantly set fire to the town, saving all the white inhabitants, and carrying the stores into the interior.

The other division of the fleet having effected a landing on the opposite shore of the island, the unnatural war speedily raged like a conflagration. To trace it through its various stages, and to watch all its fearful alternations, might convey an impression of the power with which a sense of wrong nerved the weaker against the stronger, and made an uncivilised and almost untrained people, aided indeed by their country and their clime, no despicable opponent to an army which had filled Europe with its fame; but warfare, even when associated with a noble patriotism, is so forbidding, that we must again pass over in silence its horrid and disgusting details.

When Le Clerc informed his master, Napoleon,

that, magnificent as his army was, it could no advance to victory without obstruction; but that, on the contrary, fresh supplies must be sent to save it from total ruin, a stroke of policy, hitherto held in reserve, was resorted to. It will be remembered that Toussaint's son and son-in-law had been sent to France for education, under the impulse of a too unguarded generosity. Buonaparte conceived the idea of sending them back to their father, and attempting to deceive him into submission through the medium of parental love. Accompanied by a tutor, they were despatched from Capetown to Ennery, thirty leagues off, among the mountains, where the family of Toussaint lived. One of these young men has given an account of the scene. The negroes, he says, received them all along the way with their usual rapturous kindness. They interpreted their return as an infallible sign of the fidelity of France; and their polished demeanour inspired them with hopes of the future which they could not utter. Toussaint was absent on their arrival, but

their mother received them with delirious joy, and spent the whole evening with them in emotions not to be described. The meeting with the father, in the morning, was equally touching, for the affections vastly preponderate in that injured race. "The father and the two sons," reports the tutor, "threw themselves on each other's arms. I saw them shed tears; and wishing," adds he, with diplomatic heartlessness, "to take advantage of a period which I conceived to be favourable, I stopped Toussaint at the moment he stretched out his arms to me." It was to hand to him the letter of Napoleon. "We have made known to your children," ran that document, "the sentiments by which we are animated. Assist, by your talents and your counsels, the Captain General. What can you desire?—the freedom of the blacks? You know, that in all countries we govern we have given it to the people who had it not. Do you desire consideration—honours—fortune? With the personal estimation we have for you, you ought not to be doubtful with respect to these."

This appeal was not of trifling force ; but his manly spirit rose upon the storm. " Which," said he, " am I to believe ? The First Consul's words, or General Le Clerc's actions ? I renounce them both ! " The scene that followed was overwhelming. His sons embraced his knees, and entreated his compliance. His wife, for her children's sake, added her tears. It was a more fearful struggle than had ever been waged even on those bloodstained shores. The independence of his brave people seemed to have small prospect of success against the combined forces of parental and conjugal affection. But patriotism won the day. " Take back my sons ! " he exclaimed, and, leaping on his horse, darted towards the mountains, to relieve his oppressed heart in secret.

Again the war raged with unlessened fury. Such was the difficulty of traversing the mountain fastnesses, and such the deadly effects of the marshes on the sea coast, that the small comparative numbers of the blacks did frightful execution on the French. But by constant accession of fresh troops from

Europe, and by the treacherous but skilful use of the words "Liberty and Equality," Le Clerc succeeded in wearying the spirits of the islanders, and winning over to his ranks some of their bravest generals. Toussaint for ever maintained that all professions would end in clenching the chains of colonial slavery anew; but, finding it impossible to retain the field alone, he submitted on certain honourable terms, to which the French general acceded. Renouncing all the offices of rank which had deluded his companions, he stipulated only for permission to retire to his farm at Ennery, and to resume the labours of the field. Such a request reveals the modesty and simplicity of the man. Amid the noise and carnage of successive battle-fields, he must have thirsted for the repose of this retreat, which still is lovely and attractive.

Could we complete this historical picture, — already one of the bloodiest in the gallery of time, — by saying that the brave chief ended his days honourably in his home, how thankfully should we

do so ; but the deepest crimson has yet to be dashed upon the canvas. "I swear," said Le Clerc, "before the Supreme Being, to respect the liberties of St. Domingo." At that very moment he had the imperative instructions of Buonaparte that Toussaint should be sent in chains to France. By those orders, his victim was arrested while in the bosom of his family, although not until two faithful chiefs had died in his defence, and many of his friends had shewn so dangerous a sympathy as to lead to their being carried to sea at midnight, and, it is feared, drowned in secret. Toussaint, with his wife and family, were taken to France, where they landed in June, 1802. At Bayonne, they parted, for, by the orders of the First Consul, the chief was sent to a remote chateau, situated in the mountains of Jura. Those tremendous ramparts, which wall off Switzerland from the French territories, rise, in some parts, to more than five thousand feet above the level of the sea, and form, in point of climate, an intolerable contrast to the glowing atmosphere of the isles of the Antilles. But not satisfied with confining his

prisoner to the fortress, Buonaparte required that he should be limited to the dungeon, and fed on the barest necessities of life. For the first few months he was allowed the attendance of a faithful negro servant; but at length, and at the moment when the winter was gathering its power, he was deprived of that last drop of mitigating comfort. It is feared that dark means were adopted to extort from him a confession respecting treasures which it was alleged he had buried at St. Domingo. "I had treasures," said he, "but they are not such as you seek." His despair deepened, and his strength sank. Some authors hint at unnatural means, but there is no positive evidence of the fact; nor was any thing required to be added to an inhospitable cell, and a broken spirit, to produce his death, which happened on the 27th April, 1803, after ten months' imprisonment, and at sixty years of age.*

What was gained by the perpetration of this foul

* Toussaint's family continued to reside in France. His widow died in May, 1816, in the arms of Isaac and Placide. In 1825, Isaac published a brief memoir of his father.

crime? What did crime ever gain? Long may be the interval, and complicated the train of incidents, which lead to the issue; but it is the irreversible moral law of the universe that deflection from rectitude shall be followed by a proportionate penalty. In this instance the effect was almost simultaneous with its cause. During the imprisonment of Toussaint, the war was carried on with the most savage fury on both sides, the French calling in the aid of large numbers of bloodhounds from Cuba, until almost the whole island, with the exception of the mountain fastnesses, became one unrelieved scene of carnage and desolation. Le Clerc perished earlier than the chief whom he had betrayed; and before the close of 1803, France was not only compelled to resign entirely the island of St. Domingo, but to endure the humiliation of having sacrificed, in the vain attempt to retain it, not fewer than thirty thousand men, and five hundred officers, of various ranks, among whom were fourteen generals, and seven hundred physicians and surgeons. "The his-

tory of Europe," says Mr. Alison, "can hardly afford a parallel instance of so complete a destruction of so vast an armament."

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN the deserved losses and misfortunes of the French compelled them to desert the island, the generals and chiefs of the native army proclaimed independence; and in order to mark, in the most emphatic manner, their total renunciation of France, determined at the same moment to expunge for ever the name of St. Domingo, and to adopt the original title of Hayti, or the mountain land.

The supreme place in the government was conferred on Dessalines, a black chief, under the designation of Governor-General. He was a man of strong and capacious mind, but of ferocious temper. The principles on which he proceeded were judicious, but the severity of his measures created general dissatisfaction, and he fell under the shot of the assassin. On his death, the country divided itself into two

parts. Pétion, a mulatto general, who had been educated in Paris, reigned in the south, where those of his own colour predominated ; and Christophe, a negro of great ability, who assumed the title of Henry I., ruled in the north, which was inhabited chiefly by the blacks. Both parts were probably as well governed as the unsettled state of society admitted ; but in the course of ten years these princes vanished from the scene, and the entire island, including both sections of the French and the whole of the eastern or Spanish part, came under the sway of Boyer (a mulatto), who had been educated in France, and had accompanied the French army on its invasion. His rule was long, and on the whole prosperous, but a revolution at length compelled him to abdicate, and resort for protection to British soil.

At the period of our visit, General Riché had just succeeded to the Presidency, and, in conjunction with enlightened advisers, was carrying out important reformatory measures. His death occurred shortly

afterwards, when his place became occupied by Faustin Soulouque, who, after some campaigns against the Spanish Republic, has just assumed the imperial dignity, and, amid the desolation of an uncultured soil, and the wreck of a once promising commerce, has created a long train of titular nobles.

The minute political history of the country, however, will probably be less acceptable to the reader of these pages than a glimpse of its scenery and its people. Let him, therefore, have the courtesy to follow us on one of the easiest, but most picturesque journeys he could take within its shores—from Jacmel, at which the English mail is generally cast ashore, to Port-au-Prince, the capital city.

The road, it must be admitted, is rude and precipitous, and never traversed by a stranger without a guide. We started with ours one morning at four o'clock. He was a handsome African, with a Spanish caste of countenance, decorated with a well-formed moustachio, and rode upon a horse which carried the luggage, whilst we had another, apparently not fit for

much fatigue. Being somewhat annoyed at not getting away three hours earlier, he set off at a hard gallop, and so proceeded for a couple of miles, without ever looking back to see whether we remained in the saddle or not. The moon, which was beginning to descend in the west, cast so strong a flood of her white, ambiguous, magical light across the road, that the illuminated intervals seemed water, and the sharply defined shadows of the trees veritable logs of wood; in addition to which, the sort of footpath which we traversed was so crooked, that every moment we swung first on one side and then on the opposite, without being at all certain in what the whole would terminate. At last, stopping to wade across the stream, the black threw himself upon his elbow over the back of the horse, and, seeing us still safe, laughed at the success of his experiment, and recounted it to a soldier whom we overtook at that moment.

As we went down into the profound valley—
through which the river pursues a course so exceed-

ingly tortuous, that in sixty miles we had to ford it nearly eighty times—it became both dark and cold. There the moonlight touched only the summits of the western hills, and the dew lay plentifully on the broad leaves. A Scottish plaid, which we had taken to soften the saddle by day, and to serve as a covering by night, we were glad to wrap about us, and even then felt scarcely warm. In less than a couple of hours the moon deserted the sky altogether, and left her empire to Jupiter, Sirius, and Orion; but even their regency was brief, for light, composed of colours more delightfully blended than that which we had just lost, began slowly to diffuse itself over the sky. Although every object soon became illumined, and the eye was sensibly relieved and gratified, all was so gentle and so general that no perceptible shadow was cast from any thing. In marvellously few moments, and without a single leaf being stirred—or rather, while every twig and spire seemed to pause for the blessing—the whole landscape became immersed in the ~~ethereal~~ ^{ethereal} element. Nothing could

exceed the soothing and inspiring influence of the transition. The stream which we were perpetually crossing, instead of coming stealthily and gloomily from unseen recesses, tripped along radiantly. The monotonous hum of the grasshoppers, which had almost stunned our senses, ceased, and in their room the various tribes of moths expanded their many coloured velvet banners to the sky, and floated hither and thither, luxuriously, on waves of air. We could have ridden leagues out of our way rather than have impaled one of them, or deprived it of that day of joy! But in what language shall the foliage be depicted? The deep coloured evergreens mingled with the light shaded deciduous plants which grew about their roots; the tall palm cast its single canopy of leaves over the green banana that seemed to seek its shelter, and the parasites threw elegance and beauty over almost every branch that had not luxuriance of its own. These creepers did not seem always to injure the healthy trees to which they clung. Most of their supporters looked as verdant as themselves, except,

indeed, where they had reached the summit of the tree and flung themselves completely over it, for then they concealed it entirely, and fell in innumerable folds, like mantles of softest damask, to the ground.

Whilst we were contemplating these plants, the negro soldier, who had rode some time by the guide, fell back, and, addressing us in good French, expatiated with pride upon their various qualities. He pointed to one tree which yields a valuable medicinal oil,—to another, which supplies a rich vermilion,—to another, which serves the poor for soap,—to the indigo plant, and to the mountain palm, which last, he repeatedly reminded us, was the symbol of liberty in the Haytian arms. This pleasant fellow, however, soon left us, and we galloped over flood and brake as before.

In a short time we crossed the last considerable fording place of the river, and began to ascend. The path was steep, but good, and the sides towards the east so high that the sun's direct rays were for the most part intercepted. When we gained the sum-

mit, a spectacle lay before the eye to which no words are equal. The whole of the valley which we had traversed lay beneath, guarded by mountains of the most varied outlines, and intersected by ranges of lesser eminences, covered with the richest vegetation, and all bathed in one flood of resplendent and lustrous sunshine. Cottages, frequently of tasteful construction, inhabited by the cultivators of the coffee shrubberies — which gave a garden-like appearance to the sides of the smaller hills — stood upon various projections, the better to meet the streams of air, and imparted something approaching to animation to the scene,—for animation, it may be strange to say, was what we most of all desiderated. There was a singular silence over everything. The guide's Creole-French had made us abandon all attempts at conversation, and we rode on for miles without exchanging a syllable. We had left the murmuring of the river—we had ceased to hear the hum of insects—no birds uttered a note—the atmosphere moved not a leaf:—

“No stir of air was there;
Not so much life as in a summer’s day
Robs one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.”

KEATS.

Although filled with sentiments of both wonder and admiration, we were by no means ungrateful for the covering of a rude cottage after we had descended into another valley, and risen half way up the opposite mountain. It was a wretched enough habitation, although we have seen worse in our Highland glens. We pulled out of our bag the leg of a fowl, and some bread, which the heat had brought to a racy sourness, and, with the help of good water, made a tolerable dinner, although it was then only ten o’clock in the morning. We remained until half-past two, when we resumed our journey, which lay over a country of undiminished beauty, until we came within sight of the Bay and Plain of Léogane. There the scene before us became totally different to the scene behind, and, as if to divide them permanently, a steep hill is thrown directly across the embouchures

of the various valleys which there converge upon the shore. Over the pathway which lies along the level and narrow summit of that hill, we rode in single file. All on the right hand was rich, luxuriant, and deeply green; all on the left, comparatively tame, meagre, and bleak. It appeared as if the bard could have had no other spot in his eye, when he described the "verdurous wall" which divided Paradise from the rest of the world, and which "to our general sire gave prospect large."

As we descended we passed over the ruins of a large sugar manufactory. This had survived from the days of colonial power, since which period that manufacture has almost wholly ceased. With a soil of great fertility, and a climate admirably suited for the production of the article, it cannot be too much regretted that capital has never found its way to the island to a sufficient extent to carry it on. Much land is still devoted to the growth of the cane, and made to yield an abundant supply of syrup, or uncrystallised sugar, which is universally used by

the people. It appears on table in bottles, from which you pour it into your tea, or any other matter requiring its aid. The cane itself is a favourite article of luxury with the peasants, crowds of whom one meets in the highways travelling home from their labour, talking at the highest pitch of their voices, and crunching out the juice with their ivory teeth. It is always a great delight to them to comply with the request of the white man to oblige him with a part of their fare, which is by no means unpleasant during a hot day's ride. It were well if the application of this famous plant ended there, but a fiery spirit is produced from it, called "tafia," to the worship of which all classes are too much devoted.

The coffee plantations have an air of great loveliness at almost any period of the year, but especially when the branches are covered with the snow-white blossoms. Coffee is the staple produce of the island, and one of the few articles which has maintained pretty nearly the ancient standard. The average

export of the whole country may be reckoned at 50,000,000 of pounds, while the estimated amount under slavery was not more than 70,000,000 of pounds. The properties which in colonial times were large, on the occurrence of freedom were subdivided into small estates, capable of being cultivated by single families. The number of acres held by these small proprietors varies from nine to thirty. They raise sufficient provisions for the support of their families, such as yams, plantains, and bananas, —the two latter, however, growing spontaneously,—and dispose of their cotton, coffee, castor oil, hemp, and fruits for money, clothing, salt provisions, and other articles. Nothing gave us greater pleasure than to witness, on Saturday mornings, the roads leading to the towns all alive with these goodly peasants, bearing on their impenetrable heads loads that would have crushed the professedly more intellectual skull of the European, or driving a succession of asses, fed to sleekness on the luxuriant herbage of the road sides and the jungles, bearing panniers

full of vegetables for the market, or balancing themselves between closely packed canvas bags of coffee for the warehouses of the seaport. It was impossible not to perceive, in those independent and comparatively industrious persons, the rude material at least of the country's future elevation and stability.

Another considerable article of export is mahogany, which grows in the mountainous districts, near the streams of the Bouyaha and the Gayamuco, which pour their tributary waters into the Artibonite, —a river flowing in almost a direct line for 160 miles, and supplying the means of transporting to the western coasts the otherwise unavailable wealth of the inland forests. The great shipping port of the timber is Gonaives, a town not far from the capital, on the lake of Léogane. Merchants residing there go at certain periods, accompanied by skilful workmen, and perambulate the woods to select their trees and conclude their purchase. The men who live in those forests and devote themselves exclusively to woodcutting, it is said, scrupulously confine

the use of the hatchet to the last quarter of the moon. An extensive mahogany merchant told Mr. Candler that, when he began his career, he laughed at the mountaineers for cutting down their trees only at a particular phase of the moon, and ordered some stout timber to be felled when that luminary was at her full. He soon had reason to repent the experiment, for it had not lain long before it began to split of its own accord, and at last to burst asunder with a noise resembling the report of a cannon, — a phenomenon which at least deserves a record. When the rains have filled the channels of the rivers, and the logs have been dragged over mountain and vale to their surface, the difficulty of their transit has not ended, for, notwithstanding the greatest efforts, much of the heaviest and best timber sinks, and a large proportion is lost on its outlet to the sea. Much of the latter is recovered on the coast, or not far from land, and is restored on payment of salvage. But the merchant lays his account with the loss of about seven logs in ten. The best and heaviest are

shipped to London and Liverpool, and that tree which in its native forest cost five shillings, in our ports occasionally fetches a hundred pounds. One of exquisite fineness, and capable of being cut into veneers of the rarest beauty, was not long since sent over in two logs, and purchased by Broadwoods for £3000.* The trade in mahogany and dyewoods has been, of late years, a progressively improving one, and bids fair to bring both profit to the merchant and revenue to the state. The value of the annual exportation of produce from the whole island averages somewhat upwards of a million sterling, and requires only the moral improvement and enlarged intelligence of the people to be indefinitely increased.

When, on the day just mentioned, we had travelled almost as far as our weary steeds could carry us, we reached a cottage somewhat better than the hut in which we had reposed at noon, where we intended to stay the night. The sable family, when

* Candler's Brief Notices of Hayti, p. 62.

we galloped up, were squatted round a fire in the starlight before their door. They were not much disposed to bestir themselves, but, after a few preliminaries and an hour's cooking, the dame brought us a bowlful of boiled peas and a plateful of overdone eggs, swimming in oil. We dug a yolk or two out of the mass, which made the remnant of our sour bread palatable, and then, with thankful hearts, cast ourselves on a bed, white as the drifted snow, but hard as the native ebony, on which for eight hours we continued blessedly oblivious of all climes, toils, and travels. In the morning we accomplished the last five leagues of our journey, and entered the capital before the sun had acquired much power.

CHAPTER VII.

THE city of Port-au-Prince is situated at the mouth of a valley which forms the principal way of communication between the Spanish and French divisions of the island. The mountains advance from the interior in two parallel columns, and, after leaving the city on a shore between them, continue onwards to the distance of perhaps twenty miles, embracing in that part of their course the waters of the lake of Léogane, which terminate in the depths of the Caribbean Sea.

The aspect of these lofty mountainous ramparts is in the highest degree imposing. In full day, the eye may be wearied with their imperturbable glare and stillness, but when the morning gilded the long line of summits on the right hand with the most exquisite tints of violet and purple, and when, in the evening, the sun, hastening towards the ocean at a

more rapid pace than is observable in higher latitudes, threw out in bold relief against his crimson throne the rugged and darkened forms of the chain on the left hand, it was impossible not to feel that, whatever might be found in the human habitations of such a region, there never could be wanting in those "witnesses to an eternal power and godhead," prompters to high thoughts, and monitors to an exalted life.

But it is not always the external that influences the internal, it is more frequently the reverse; in other words, it is not scenery which in the first instance produces character, but character which leads to the appreciation and the moral use of scenery. Some of the finest parts of the globe are covered with cities singularly out of harmony with their natural situation, and certainly, in the antique words of the poet,

"Whoso entereth within this town,
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down,
'Mid many things unsightly to strange e'e."

BYRON.

A more miserable capital city, it would be hard to find. The streets are laid out at right angles, and from a distance promise you something, but the houses generally are of wood, of two stories high, and of very slender construction. The roofs stretch beyond the front walls, forming verandahs, which invite the panting walker to their shade ; but, unhappily, the path is not continuous, large intervals occurring between the houses, requiring you to leap down from one, and then up to another, every few moments, until you prefer a continuous journey in the hot stony sands, in the centre of the road, as on the whole less exhausting. Along the shore there are some noble commercial edifices of brick ; and in the outskirts, towards the mountains, stands the President's house, the House of Assembly, the Lycæum, and the church, but they are all buildings of small pretensions. Large and massive edifices, indeed, are reckoned unsafe, from their constant exposure to earthquakes ; and whenever the case requires anything to be left undone, the adapta-

tion of the people to circumstances is punctiliously exact; but wherever it requires the least exertion and combination, submission will be yielded cheerfully to any amount of inconvenience. Nothing, for instance, in such a climate, is more indispensable to health than the removal of corrupt matter from the streets; and the fine slope towards the sea, upon which the city is spread out, almost articulately suggests the formation of a system of drainage. But it appeals in vain. Every thing waits for those floods of rain that seem intended to counterbalance the *vis inertiae* of tropical citizens. In one sanitary point, however, they excel us. While we have been debating, in councils and in parliament, the propriety of interments beyond the limits of towns, they have, with complete uniformity, acted upon that principle. The public cemeteries are situated in the most retired and beautiful positions of their suburbs. The walks and groves are kept with nicety, and the tombstones are among the most tasteful architectural ornaments, though upon a small scale, of the country. This

regard to the homes of the dead is not limited to the inhabitants of populous places. It struck our attention in the most lonely parts of the island. Riding through the deep forests and the most sequestered valleys, where it was rarely possible for the eye to detect human habitations, nothing was more interesting than the few simple mausoleums, standing on spots of ground trellised off from the woods, and kept clear of vegetation. It was not for one, at such a moment, too closely to search into the ideas which were connected with these services to the departed. They might have been superstitious enough. But it occurred to us as preferable to the summary method in which the Africans of our British islands dispose of their dead. While walking over the beautiful infant villages of the emancipated peasantry there, we have asked our companion, generally the founder and designer of the settlement, to point out the place of the dead—the spot which our Saxon ancestors, with a solemn simplicity, called “God’s acre,”—the portion of land reserved for Him

to whom these bodies belong. The fact was, that the dead were buried in the gardens of the cottages, and although for the first season the spot was permitted to enjoy its Sabbath, when the next had revolved, the yam grew deep in its soil, or the cassava and the coffee shrub hung their white blossoms over it! We have personally a distrust of such symbols of truth, but far more congenial than this dreary absence of all memorial, was the rude wooden cross, inscribed, "*La croix generale*," which presided over the little group of graves, and served to remind one of that propitiation through which, to those who accept it, the sentence of death is in effect reversed, and that which is sown in "corruption," in "dishonour," and in "weakness," is raised in "incorruption," in "glory," and in "power." 1 Cor. xv 42, 43.

But all objects are surpassed in interest by man himself, and the reader has frequently whispered the question, What is the moral condition of the inhabitants of this island? The sources of a people's

character are, of course, largely found in their history. How is it possible, for instance, for persons to live in a state of slavery which doomed them to incessant labour, and to almost absolute ignorance, not to be influenced for many generations by that circumstance? Who could expect such a people to have literary tastes and refined sentiments, within a period of half a century after their exit from bondage? Even presuming they had been successful in imitating the characters of their proprietors, and ascending to the highest moral eminence which they beheld before them, what should they have acquired? Did the system to which we refer confine its influence to the subordinate party? Did it not act with an even more demoralising power on the superior party? If the model were so debased, what should we expect to find in the copy?

The circumstance of the emancipation of those tribes having been achieved by bloodshed, has inconceivably aggravated their previous disadvantages. It has cast a disastrous shadow over all their history.

Murder, even when perpetrated under the forms of justice, or in the name of liberty, is condemned by the law of the universe to a terrific penalty. It is one of the least of these consequences, though in itself no trivial one, that an extravagant estimate has been formed of the military profession. Previous to the abdication of President Boyer, there were (inclusive of a militia force,) 65,000 soldiers, out of less than a million of people, or one in fifteen of all the inhabitants. During the administration of the last two or three presidents, this number has been reduced, but is still preposterously large. The effect is not only to abstract strength from agricultural operations, and resources from the national purse, but to produce an amount of idleness altogether appalling.

This idleness, passing beyond the ill-paid soldiery, becomes a national characteristic. A stranger is struck instantaneously with the extraordinary amount of leisure which the people seem to possess. Every one moves with remarkable deliberation, and never

wants time to sit down and talk with you for hours. This happy composure belongs not only to the higher classes, but to those whom you would imagine would require to toil for their subsistence. If you enter a native shop in any of the towns, you encounter none of the embarrassing politeness and polished impertunity which assail you in England. Your merchant is equally contented whether you buy or not; nothing disturbs his transcendental tranquillity. If we may give a homely illustration, we might mention that on one occasion we desired to engage the services of a profession which in England is reckoned of rather more than average sagacity, and sent our shoes to obtain what appeared to us indispensable repairs. In the course of the day, they were sent back with the message that "Monsieur so-and so thought they would do very well as they were!" Our opinion continuing unchanged, we sent them to a larger establishment, well furnished, as it had seemed to us when passing it, with all the appliances of the trade. In the evening, however, the unfortunate

sandals were returned, with an expression of regret that "Monsieur so-and-so had that day no suitable leather." It is the same in many other departments, we were going to say, of industry. We found it difficult, in many cases, to move to exertion even with the allurements of money. That seemed to have none of its boasted power over the sweet indolence of the Haytien. Again and again we offered twice the proper reward for a trivial service, but received nothing beyond the most polite and good-humoured promises. From some duties, indeed, they abstain on principle. However poor a family may be, it is seldom that one of the females will go out to domestic service. In a sister republic farther west, the social disparity implied by this occupation is neatly concealed by the mere substitution of another name for that of servant. But in the sable commonwealth they take a more circuitous course for the preservation of their rank. They will serve none but those who, in baptism, have stood their sponsors. These are regarded as, in a religious sense, their

parents, and they, while performing the most humble offices, as still their children. Families, willing to give the most ample remuneration, cannot procure the aid of a Haytien female servant of good character on any other terms.

It is obvious enough that from this indisposition to toil grave evils must follow; for what soil is more fertile in vice? We cannot assert that we saw many flagrant cases of intoxication, but the quantity of proof spirits manufactured and consumed in the island is estimated at sixty thousand barrels annually, to which twenty thousand imported from Cuba are to be added. The authorities deny this importation; but taking the quantity at sixty thousand barrels, of sixty gallons each, we have an average consumption of four gallons and a quarter to every individual of the population.* One clearly established fact of this description is more decisive than volumes of general speculation.

But of all the causes unfriendly to morality and

* Candler's Brief Notices of Hayti, p. 138.

to national progress, none is so lamentable as the extensive disregard of the legal bond of marriage. If the French colonists had bequeathed no other curse to their successors, they would have had ample revenge in handing down this. It may be true that individuals, judging themselves, in the eye of God, knit together in that estate, may be as faithful as if the civil law had added its sanction. But these instances will ever be the exceptions; the weaker party will acquire no certainty, and, in case of desertion, no redress. Domestic unity will become subject to dissolution by temporary caprice, and children be abandoned to neglect and ignorance. We have not forgot the surprise which crept over us, as an intelligent man, with whom we had some satisfactory conversation, and who had in fact asked us to pay a religious visit to his village, introduced a pleasing woman, who came, followed by a troop of little ones, to the shade of the gigantic figtree under which we were standing, as "*La mere de mes enfans, monsieur,*"—the mother of my children, sir. A

friend, resident in the island, said gravely, "Is that all?" "It is the custom," he replied; "we never mean to leave each other." But we afterwards observed, in the class immediately above the peasantry, that this neglect was beginning to be regarded as dishonourable, and its entire removal from society would be one of the most important steps towards permanent improvement that could be taken.

There is, however, in the midst of these and other formidable obstacles, a growing sense of the importance of mental cultivation, not only on the part of those who occupy the more prominent positions in the Republic, but of those in the humblest classes. The Government charges itself with the duty of providing seminaries of elementary instruction, wherever they can be established. In a communication lately received from a gentleman in the capital, it is said, "In the midst of all the disorders which have unhappily afflicted this country, it is an interesting fact that there is now more spent in the department of education than ever. Under President

Boyer, the general amount of expenses in this department was 40,000 dollars per annum ; the sum now expended is 130,000 dollars." Under this patronage, schools conducted chiefly on the British system are found in the chief towns ; and at Port-au-Prince, an institution of a higher class, called the Lycæum, supplies a pretty varied course of instruction. We witnessed examinations, conducted by the Government, in several of these seminaries, and confess that we have seldom seen more efficient teachers, or more apt and ingenious pupils.

It is to be regretted that much less attention has been paid to the education of females than to that of the other sex. Parents, who will deny themselves many comforts to send their sons for the completion of their education to England or to France, and very frequently to both countries, are contented if their daughters can perform the mechanical duties of the household. But even in this, the tendency is towards improvement. Christian ladies of great acquirements, from motives of pure philanthropy, and with a self-

denial of which small conception can be formed, have devoted themselves, both in the capital and in other towns, to this most interesting employment. Amid the exhaustion of the climate, through seasons of fearful sickness, in spite of bloodshed and revolution, and with a spirit of unflinching heroism which makes home labours of benevolence sink into insignificance, they have kept their position, and toiled, not without success, in the elevation of the women of Hayti. The evident fact that their daughters can acquire, not only the learning, but the manners and sentiments, of the corresponding classes in England, has already wrought a change, in relation to this topic, on the popular mind. The Government has, with the highest intentions, offered pecuniary support to these efforts, which, in some instances, has been conscientiously accepted, and in others as conscientiously declined.

We must be allowed simply to utter our conviction, that in the closest possible conjunction with all efforts for the elevation of the Haytiens, there must

be disseminated, in order to their true progress, the knowledge of the mercy of God to man through Christ Jesus. We enter into no party views of this great theme. By what class of individuals, and in connection with what external forms, is of the smallest consequence, if the thing itself is accomplished. The course of the world's history has supplied unassailable evidence that this is indispensable to the permanent exaltation of any people. "He," says an English writer, not chargeable with religious partizanship, "who breathes a word against christianity, commits an act of high treason against the civilisation of man." This yet remains to be brought home to the convictions of the people of this unfortunate island. And they are, to a great extent, aware of the deficiency. They crave for some other ideas, in connection with the ministers of religion, than those of ignorance and exaction. They have wants which have never yet been met by all the ceremonies, pagan and pseudo-christian, which exist among them. They are ready to hear from the lips of any man, going

forth in honest simplicity, that truth which carries its own attestation, as well as to ponder the volume which is the world's richest possession,—styling it, in sarcastic, and yet affectionate phrase, “Le bon predicateur, qui ni boive ni mange,”—the good preacher, who neither eats nor drinks.


The Roman Catholic faith is, in the terms of the constitution, “specially protected,” but there are no tithes, and no forced contributions for the maintenance either of the priesthood or of religious edifices. Every contribution is paid for some presumed religious benefit, and the amount to be demanded is regulated by law. The authority of the Pope is not acknowledged, and there is no gradation of rank in the priesthood; all are equals. How far they have discharged the duties of a Christian ministry it is not for us to say; certainly the result of their labours has not been striking. In many parts of the island the face of a priest is never seen,—a layman reads the liturgy to such of the people as choose to listen to him. At the same moment, on

the evening of the Sabbath, we have seen a multitude prostrating themselves, with lighted candles in their hands, before the image of Christ erected on the road-side, and a vastly larger assembly within audience of the former, engaged in the idolatrous dances of their ancestors. Nothing could be more horrid than the yells and screams of the black group, as it threw itself into savage contortions, and whirled round instruments of jarring music, amid the glare of torches. We have been informed, that at certain periods they fall simultaneously upon their knees, and pay adoration to the serpent. Certainly the pagan congregation exhibited an intenser energy than the Christian one; and the fact we afterwards found to be too truly representative of the general religious condition of the people.

In the view of this, it is of importance to know that the principles of religious liberty introduced by Toussaint, and embodied in the constitutional laws of the state, have been faithfully adhered to. "Every man," it is written, "has a right to express his

opinions upon every subject, as well as of writing, printing, and publishing his thoughts;" and "every man has the right to profess his own religion, and to exercise freely his own form of worship, provided he does not interrupt the public order." The Christian missionaries, who have acted under these assurances, have not been betrayed. Their services have been everywhere well received, and, under successive revolutions, their persons have been held sacred. Although four or five small religious communities have been formed, and beam forth as stars radiant with the sweetest hope, their numbers and their power require vast augmentation.

It is to England in particular that the Haytiens look for this moral assistance. France they regard with natural distrust, although continuing to imitate her manners and to speak her language. America, although lying nearer than any other civilised country, they view, for reasons easily traceable in their history, with emotions still more unfriendly. The Western Republic has never yet recognised the



independence of her island sister, nor has the apparition of a black ambassador been permitted to haunt the legislative halls of Washington. England's exertions for the freedom of their race have won their hearts, and the sacrifice of "twenty millions," rather than hold one of them as her own, has inflamed them to enthusiasm, and they say, "Tell us of the principles which govern this people." If England does respond as becomes her, we may yet see the Haytiens an intelligent and prosperous nation.

The idea, indeed, has not yet vanished, that the African is inherently unfit for the higher forms of civilisation. Some of the most distinguished writers of our country remain under the power of this superstition. "If," says Mr. Alison, "the African is not an inferior race, why is it that no kingdoms have sprung up on the shores of the Quorra and the Congo, as on those of the Ganges and Euphrates?" It might have occurred, one would have supposed, to such a mind, that there is a progressive education of races, as well as of individuals, and that unpro-

pitious circumstances alone may retard the one as well as the other. The prelate who saw some brown-haired youths exposed for sale in the streets of Rome, saw the representatives of a horde of slaves in a rude island in the German Ocean; and if faith in the expansive force of the human faculties, when brought under the genial power of Christianity, had not led him to take some means for their recovery, they might have remained to this day what they were on that. After all, the ascent was not quickly traversed. The men whom he predicted would be "non Angli, sed angeli," remained for centuries afterwards the bondsmen of successive conquerors. It was only by a protracted course of most painful discipline that they were trained to independence and to thought. And now that they give law, and, what is better, Christianity, to the world, the individual must not forget his obligations to the race. No man rising up among us now, acquires his abilities in his own lifetime. He has been under education in the persons of a long line of ancestry. He finds

himself, at birth, the inheritor of principles, and even of intellectual powers, for which multitudes have wasted the midnight oil, and agonised in the prison and at the stake. We cannot doubt that the sons of Africa will, under similar circumstances, develop a like capacity of improvement; and if affliction is prophetic of future eminence,—if sufferings are ominous of the destiny of an individual and of a people,—they are likely to bear an even more distinguished part in the administration of this world.

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